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SOME "FLORIDA INCIDENTS"

A DAZZLING CAMPAIGN FOR BRIGADIER
GENERAL OF MILITIA

By
Old Timer
In the
Ocala Banner.

The campaign of 1860 is remembered as the most remarkable in the history of the United States.

Alongside of it Lawson's articles on "Frenzied Finance" are like mere cobwebs to real coils of "amalgamated copper."

The strenuous discussion of the slavery question led to a most critical sectional tension.

The political debates were most impassioned and were made by orators whose personal feelings had been wrought up to a white heat.

Compared to it the "tallow dip" to a modern era light. The seas were angry and running mountain high and the winds were blowing with fearful impetuosity.

In the south were men like Ben Hill, Alexander H. Stephens and Herschel V. Johnson ranged on the side opposing the raging and gathering tornado of secession, and Bob Toombs, Jefferson Davis, William L. Yancey and Barnwell Rhett giving force, vigor and vehemence to it.

Lincoln and Douglass had just finished their famous debate in Illinois, which had become national, and the more torpid north was being aroused and its most powerful orators were bending their efforts to kindle a sentiment that meant the destruction of slavery. Henry Ward Beecher, Wendell Phillips, William Lord Garrison, Horace Greeley and William H. Seward were among the most ardent agitators.

In Florida the campaign waged fiercely. William D. Bloxham had just entered the political arena, Wilkinson Call, George W. Call, brothers, were

ranged on opposite sides and made a joint tour of the state. George T. Ward, S. St. George Rogers, R. H. M. Davidson, S. M. G. Gary, W. T. Brevard, D. F. Holland, F. L. Villipigue, J. J. Finley, Colonel Sanderson and other distinguished and eloquent men engaged actively in the canvass. Joan Milton was the democratic candidate for governor, Edward Hopkins, the whig candidate. Both men had "killed their man," and scandal and personalities were rife, and so hot that the political atmosphere fairly sizzled in its luridness.

A captain of one of the militia companies was overheard to make the remark, "What piping times these air!" and the saying instantly became famous.

John Bell was the candidate for president on the whig ticket and John C. Breckenridge was the democratic candidate.

An instant demand was made for bells and all the factories in the country were kept busy manufacturing them.

The whig ladies and girls of all ages wore bells as ornaments and every man and boy tinkered with whigism was provided with bells galore, greatly to the annoyance of their opponents, and the din and confusion at a whig rally was something great.

Yet, notwithstanding all this, the brilliant little community in which I lived the presidential and gubernatorial candidates were completely overshadowed in the race for brigadier general of militia.

William J. Gunn, a young man, had inherited fifty thousand dollars in cash, and real estate in proportion, which was large wealth for those times. He was a whig and received the nomination for brigadier general of militia. His democratic opponent was William Killcrease (afterwards, changed to Gilchrist) father of our genial friend the "statesman from De Soto."

When I state that at his death six hundred of his own slaves formed a part of the funeral procession, some idea may be formed of his wealth.

He was an older man than his opponent, was sanguine and ambitious, and while the office held out nothing but an empty honor he determined to win it at all hazards.

His opponent had his heart set on winning the prize just as ardently. He was about to lead one of the sweetest and fairest women of the little city to the hymeneal altar, and this added zest and inspiration to his ambition.

He bought a newspaper, hired a brass band, a coach and four dapple grays and gave banquets and barbecues all over the district. It was a campaign right.

His opponent has not long been married and his wife was one of the most graceful, popular and accomplished society leaders of the beautiful little city, and took great interest in the canvass, and lent all her charming personality in her husband's favor.

He, also had his brass band and coach-and-four and no campaign in Florida, before or since, was more picturesque and was organized and conducted with so much splendor, eloquence and fervor.

The democratic leader over exerted himself, contracted a severe cold, which resulted in pneumonia, and from the effects of which he never recovered.

His friends called on him daily and buoyed him up with hope that his election was sure.

He lived until the day after the election; the early returns indicated that he had won a decided victory, and he said to those about his couch, that he "died happy."

Later returns reversed the first indications and when the votes were counted it was discovered that the younger man had won the honors.

He gave a banquet in celebration of the event which was for a long time the talk of the community.

General William Killcrease whose ardor and enthusiasm resulted in his death, was a man of large affairs and operated on a large scale. Like his son, he was energetic, progressive and made a distinct success in life.

I have thought that this campaign overshadowing as it did, the most memorable one in our history, and was so unique and original in its character, especially for those times, that it deserves a place in your columns of "Some Florida Incidents."

CURED CONSUMPTION.

Mrs. B. W. Evans, Charwater, Kan., writes: "My husband lay sick for three months. The doctors said he had quick consumption. We procured a bottle of Ballard's Horehound Syrup, and it cured him. That was six years ago and since then we have always kept a bottle in the house. We can not do without it. For coughs and colds it has no equal." 25c, 50c and \$1. Sold by all druggists.

THE PARADISE OF FISHERMEN

CHICAGO VISITOR TO MIAMI SAYS
WATERS THERE ABOUT FURNISH FINEST SPORT IN
THE WORLD.

(Miami Record.)

"I want to tell you," said Frank Dunn, the popular Chicago fisherman, last night, as he touched a fresh match to a Principe de Gales of generous proportions, and pushed his chair back into a cozy corner on the Royal Palm veranda, "that the waters lying off the coast of which Miami is the center and abiding place, furnish the finest fish sport in the world. This is no empty compliment simply intended to please a lot of charming people who live here and who have been nice to me during my visits here, but a cold and deliberate statement of an incontrovertible fact established by years of experience."

"I fish," continued Mr. Dunn, "because I think it is the finest sport on earth, but I try to fish as a sportsman and for the sport there is in it. What I mean is, that I never kill a game fish, and this is the kind I fish for almost exclusively. I love sport, not murder."

"When I hang an old soldier of the sea, I like to play with him, give him some exercise, and let him teach me his tricks at the same time."

"Now I'll tell you," Mr. Dunn continued, "I have fished for the game ones in all the inviting waters of the country and I never killed a game fish in my life unless I was compelled to, and never, in my whole experience, wet a hand line, until the other day, when at the request of Senator Camden, I took his line for a few minutes."

"But I'm telling all this history simply to go on record as saying that the finest game fishing in the world, no exceptions, understand, can be found within a fishday's journey of Miami."

FINE ROADWAY FROM
MIAMI TO PALM BEACH.

The Miami News of recent date says:

During the coming summer an excellent rock road will be completed all the way from Miami to West Palm Beach. That portion of the road already built, and leading north from Miami to Fort Lauderdale will be widened and rolled perfectly smooth, and wherever possible unnecessary curves and sharp turns will be avoided.

Eventually this road will be extended to Jacksonville, and will enable automobiles to drive through from this city to Miami in a day. Such a drive would bring not hundreds but thousands of automobiles to Florida. Other sections of the state would build roads connecting with this main highway and Florida would then become more than ever popular as a winter resort state.

The Best Cough Syrup.

S. L. Apple, ex-Probate Judge, Ottawa, Kan., writes: "This is to say that I have used Ballard's Horehound Syrup for years, and that I do not hesitate to recommend it as the best cough syrup I have ever used." 25c, 50c and \$1. Sold by all druggists.

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INGENIOUS IDEA OF TAMPA MAN

INVENTS MACHINE FOR MANUFACTURE OF RAILROAD
LOCK NUT BOLT.

(Tampa Times.)

The Times has previously referred to the lock nut bolt invented and patented by Lee McCulloch, the well known young machinist of this city. This bolt has been approved by many of the most eminent machinists of the country, including a number of very prominent railroad men. A number of the bolts were placed in the Pennsylvania railway tracks in Philadelphia, where fully 500 trains pass daily, seven or eight months ago, and they have never moved a particle. This statement alone will make the great value of Mr. McCulloch's patent at once apparent to all practical men.

However, though he clearly demonstrated the value of the device, the young inventor was met with the declaration that a machine could not be made to manufacture them. On this account, the matter has been practically "hung up," apparently, for nearly a year past—but it was not, as a matter of fact, Mr. McCulloch, has during this time been at work making a machine for the manufacture of the bolts—which eminent machinists, as before stated, told him could not be made. Success has at last crowned his efforts. He has completed the machine—a remarkably ingenious device attached to a regular bolt machine, which inserts the wire in the head of the bolt that serves as the locking device. The writer has seen the new machine in operation, and it seems now that the last difficulty has been surmounted.

Mr. McCulloch leaves tonight for the north and east to demonstrate the success of his machine to capitalists with whom he has formerly been in communication.

As soon as arrangements can be made for their manufacture on a large scale there is no doubt that these bolts will come into general use, especially by railroads.

A Dream With a Moral.

A rich lady dreamed that she went to heaven and there saw a mansion being built. "Whom is that for?" she asked of the guide.

"For your gardener," "But he lives in the tiniest cottage on earth, with barely room for his family. He might live better if he did not give away so much to the miserably poor folks."

Farther on she saw a tiny cottage being built. "And whom is that for?" she asked.

"That is for you." "But I have lived in a mansion on earth. I would not know how to live in a cottage."

The words she heard in reply were full of meaning. "The Master Builder is doing his best with the material that is being sent up."

Then she awoke, resolving to lay up treasure in heaven.—Chicago Post.

The Englishman's Morning Tab.

Until the beginning of the seventeenth century English princes and other babies were immersed three times in the font when christened. The last Prince of Wales who was submitted to this ordeal appears to have been Arthur, the son of Henry II, who died in 1502 at the age of sixteen. The abolition of the practice was strongly objected to upon sanitary grounds by Sir John Floyer, a celebrated physician, who died in 1734. "Immersion," he says, "would prevent many hereditary diseases," and "the English will return to it when physic has given them a clear proof that cold baths are both safe and useful." So our morning tab is the outcome of royal immersion.—London Mail.

STORRS MAKES REPLY TO BRETT

SOME MORE ABOUT THE TREATMENT OF COUNTY CONVICTS
BY THE LESSEES.

The following appeared in the last issue of the DeFuniak Breeze:

The Breeze is sorry, very sorry, that it has to plead not guilty to the general charge preferred by Mr. Brett in a three column article in Sunday's Pensacola Journal, of being responsible for the agitation which resulted in the expose of the inhuman manner, in which his firm were treating the county convicts leased by them, the cancelling of the lease by this county, and the subsequent betterment of conditions that resulted in more favorable reports by committees sent from other counties. Our sole part in the matter, until after the investigation was made, was to hand the Chairman of the Board of County Commissioners a letter received from one of the convicts making complaint, and he is justly entitled to the credit of putting a stop to the brutality of Mr. Brett's employees.

To those who are acquainted with the fact that the reports made by committees from other counties were made after the lease had been cancelled by Walton county, and that Mr. Brett invited them to come and had things in shape for their inspection, his plea in abatement will not have much weight. The report of Messrs. Ray and Bludworth was made after an investigation which Mr. Brett was not looking for, and Mr. Brett did not care to raise any very serious objection to the cancellation of the lease. Again the beds were still filthy and the windows still without shutters when the other investigations were made, and these Mr. Brett again promised to remedy, but whether it has yet been done Mr. Brett does not say.

Our only regret is that we did not quietly bring the matter to the attention of all the counties. As the matter stands there is the words of Messrs. Ray and Bludworth and the prisoners against Mr. Brett alone, and the people may form their own opinion.

HUTTON'S ONE RECIPE.

It Included a Paper Cutter, Ink Eraser and Rubber Bands.

Perhaps the most ingenious and the most original of all schemes for procuring autographs was from a lady in a western town. She was raising funds for the building and support of a public library, and she had conceived the idea of issuing a volume to be called "The Authors' Recipe Book." Authors from all over the country, the most distinguished of authors—always authors with a capital A—had been good enough to send her a list of the favorite dishes of their own construction, with their method of making them.

The cookbook was one of the many forms of literature to which the recipient had never turned his attention. He had no more idea of cooking than he had of milking a cow or of harnessing a horse or of setting a hen or of building a dynamo. He did not even care what was cooked for him so long as it contained none of the ingredients of tripe and none of the essence of tomato. But he was asked to contribute a paper, which she would have reproduced in facsimile, stating what he could prepare most to his liking upon a kitchen range or in a chafing dish, with his manner of procedure. This quite nonplussed him until he bethought himself of one particular and peculiar delicacy in the evolution of which he could safely trust his reputation as an expert. In reply, for which he received no thanks, he said:

"Take a long paper cutter; attach to the same by means of rubber bands, and securely, an ink eraser; insert the ink eraser firmly into a Marshallmaw plug and hold the same over a student's lamp or study fire until the Marshallmaw begins to sizz, drops into the ashes, puts out the light or burns your hand. And eat while hot!"

He has never seen a copy of "The Authors' Recipe Book"—Laurence Hutton in Critic.

BULGING GUN BARRELS.

The Ruin That Is Wrought by Careless Handling.

I have sold guns for ten years, and in that time four of them have had their barrels bulged, one by snow, one by dirt, one by sand and one by something else getting into it. One man crawling through a fence got a little snow in the muzzle. He could not remove it with his finger, so concluded to wait and shoot it out, which he did, but he found a bulge like a pulley's egg on the end of the barrel. Another got some earth in the muzzle and shot it out, and he, too, found the same kind of a bulge on the end of his gun. Another fired his gun at ducks, which knocked him over on his back and fairly got away from him. When he picked up the gun he found a narrow raised band around the barrel fourteen inches from the muzzle. In this case a wad had probably lodged there. This customer thinks the manufacturers ought to give him a new set of barrels. I tell him if the barrels had not been good ones it would have been a burst instead of a bulge, which might have maimed or killed him. Another man lying on a point brought down a duck with a broken wing which scurried for the water. The man ran and struck the duck with the muzzle of the gun and in so doing got sand in it. He blew most of it out and shot out the rest of it. Well, after that shot he found a little blister two inches from the muzzle about the size of a man's little finger.

Moral.—Do not shoot obstructions of any kind out of your gun if you value your life or gun.—Uncle Dan in Amateur Sportsman.

A. NACHMAN

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As a special inducement to introduce the Clutter pianos largely in this section we will give three months' tuition free on each Clutter piano sold in Pensacola up to May 1st. You are to select your teacher. Please call and get catalogue and see the piano and state terms on which you are to buy.

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